

Daisy Chain

On my winding path
I found a little wrath.
Daisy flowers nicely woven
enchanted the lonely rover.

I stood and was amazed,
blurred, like covered by haze,
the wrath took off to the sky
over the fields standing with rye.

Many a time back to the place,
nothing, nothing, tears cover my face
and I shout in my pain -
Where did you go, daisy chain?

On my winding path
I will once find the wrath
with fresh blossoms and odour -
but my strive will already be over.

F Sz 15 Jan 2007 Chevry

